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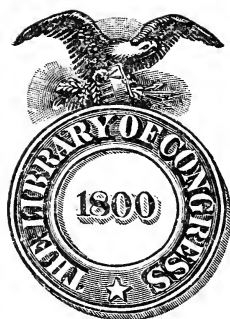
1921

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QUIET WATERS

BY

BLANCHE
SHOEMAKER
WAGSTAFF



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QUIET WATERS

QUIET WATERS

BY

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

Author of

“Eris,” “Atys,” “Alcestis,” “Narcissus,”
“The Book of Love,” etc, etc.



NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD AND COMPANY
1921

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A Word of Introduction

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF does not aspire to the epic theme and the grand manner. She essays the heart warm human themes, themes that appeal, perhaps, to a wider audience.

I notice that some of the poems are in the traditional form. Others are in the free form that the precisionists would take to be only the preliminary sketches of poems. But I am willing to let a poet bring her beauty in the loose structure of the meadow lark's nest as well as in the orderly pack of the oriole's pocket. All I ask is that the poet shall have a singing bird in any nest she brings.

Blanche Wagstaff does not ride against life with leveled lance, crying a bitter challenge to the scheme of things: she comes with a wistful questioning of existence, or with quiet acceptance of the decrees of Fate. So we frequently find her at home in her lyric garden, recording the moods of the hour, telling of sight and sound and fragrance and flight of wing. She feels—

"A kinship with the force of earth, the thrill
That comes with Nature's sweetest intimacy,
Some premonition of Eternity."

Or again she muses over the mystery

"In every little seed that springs—
The incommensurate wonder,
The miracle of life issuing from the womb of earth."

But love is the high enduring note in this little book—love for the beloved, love for native land, love for the wonder of nature, love for the hero in battle, love for the mystery of life and the mystery of death. In many moods and meters, Blanche Wagstaff sings of the love of a man for a maid—sings of the glad welcome, of the wild reluctance, of the happy communion, of the tender farewell. She sings also of the renunciation of love:

"I will go out and forget love and be as a bird in
the sky,
Free with the soaring breezes and the clouds that
wander by.
I will go out and forget love and be as a bird in
the sky."
"I will go out in the wide lands alone in endless space
Where the earth is ablaze with splendour and I kneel
in the sun's embrace;
I will go out in the wide lands alone in endless
space."

Exquisitely simple, as if a rose were bowed by a spray of rain, is her brief lyric, Pan—brief but perfect:

"Out of my tears
Comes forth my song.
Pan is blowing
Sweet and long.

"Out of my pain—
The lyric-start;
(Fruitful is
A broken heart!)"

Again we feel the touch of the true
magic in Voices: Villa Pliniana:

"Voices are crying in the street
And rainbow-sandalled day is passing by.

"The clamor sinks into my heart,
And I fall thinking of another hour
When thunder voices thro' the drooping trees
Filled the pale violet afternoon
In Italy.

"We were together, you and I,
Beneath the fragrant trellised shade,
Watching the slow rain silvering the sky,
Your face was like a delicate white rose
Drooping against my cheek."

Here is a picture that pleases; but still
more delightful is that delicate cadence,
that dying fall, in those silvery words—
"the pale violet afternoon in Italy."

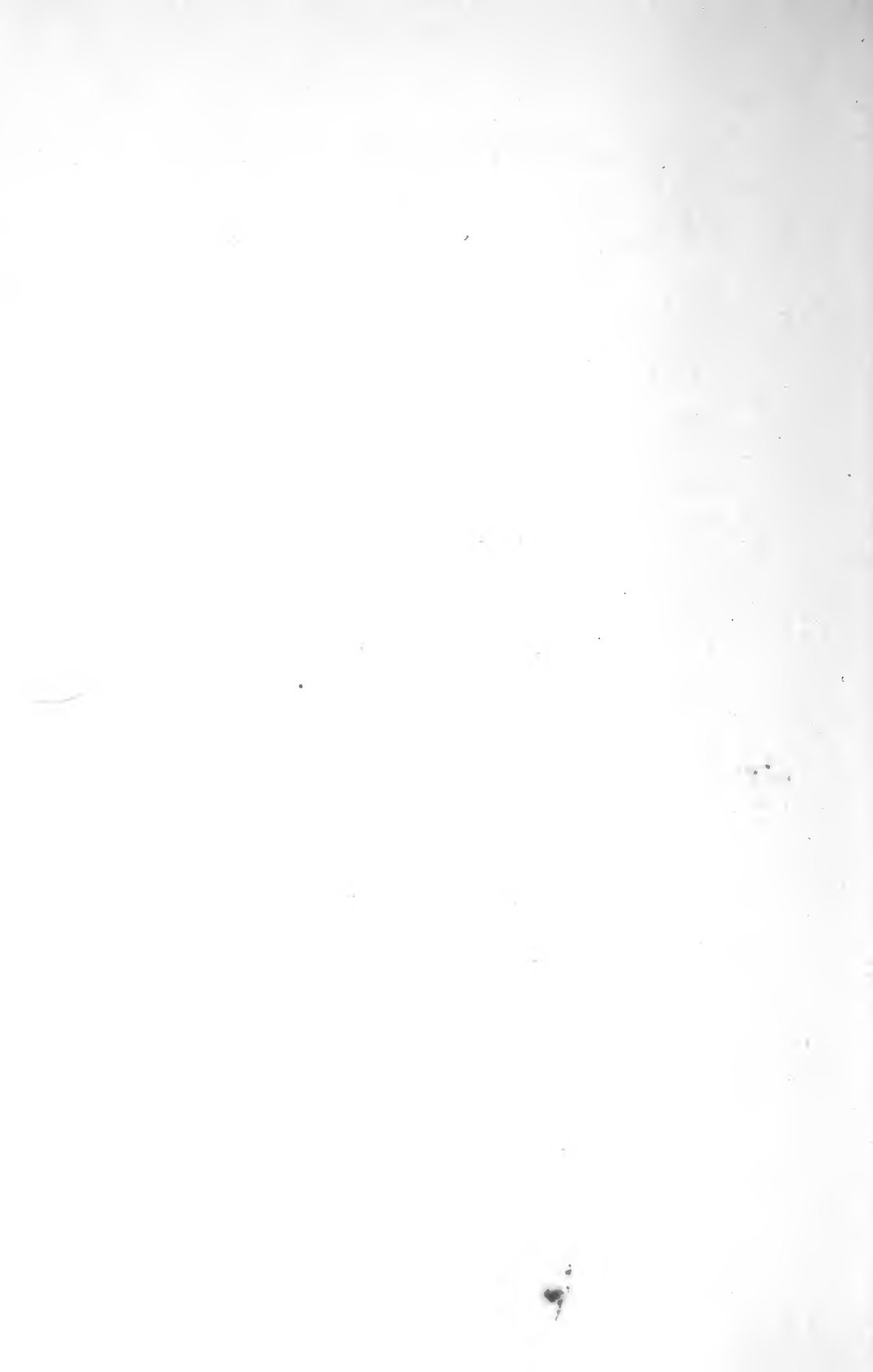
Here finally, is one of her somber
notes sounding out of an hour when she
is thinking of the last tavern toward
which we are all journeying:

"Yea, I shall be at rest who had to bear
Beauty too keen and pain that had no end . . .
Earth will have taken me again to friend."

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff has
made a serious study of the great art of
poetry. She is a growing woman, a
greatening poet. It is pleasant to speed
her on her way up the rose-hung slopes
of Helicon.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Staten Island, N. Y.,
December, 1919.



QUIET WATERS

OUR lives float on quiet waters. . . .

Down softly flowing streams,
Where silvery willows
Shadow calm waves.
Gentle bird-songs
And murmuring freshets
Leap from the woodland
In snowy circlets.
Green embowers us,
And fragrant mosses,
Spicy odors
That drift in the languid
Swaying breezes. . . .

Our lives float on quiet waters. . . .

And my Love and I
Wonder at twilight,
When flaming banners
Spread in the heavens,
How long this Beauty—
This stately silence . . .
E'er once again we shall drift
On the turbulent, open sea . . .

FRIEZE

WOMEN waiting. . . .

I would like to make a bronze frieze of
women waiting. . . .

Beneath shady trees, in crowded cities,
In quiet homes by lamplight
At sickbeds,
And in silent churches kneeling . . .

Women waiting. . . .

Eternally waiting
For the child in the womb,
For the lover's footstep,
For the husband at nightfall,
For the son returned from battle.

Women waiting—

Patient, anxious, maternal—

Oh, I would like to make a bronze frieze of
this watchful motherhood!

VISITATION

I have been silent
And my heart has been very lonely—
But always Beauty came
A golden well in the desert . . .

I have been full of sorrow
And heavy pain.
But always Beauty came
A voice in the darkness.

I have trod the valleys
Where there was only shadow.
But always Beauty came
A tip of flame over the mountain.

GARMENTS

YOUTH is slipping from me . . .
Like a golden garment a girl slips softly
from her cool body.

Daily I see the changes . . .
Changes like the sky when autumn comes
and twilight quickens suddenly.

There is silver in my hair . . .
Hair that was tawny and shimmering like
meadow grass stroked by sunlight.

My laughter no longer has the same ring . . .
The old, girlhood ring that rippled before
Sorrow stooped to me.

Nor is my body firm and supple . . .
Supple as a lad's it used to be, and there was
lustre in the flesh, and muscle.

Youth is slipping from me . . .
Like a golden garment a girl slips slowly
from her cool body . . .

COLUMNS

THERE are sorrows
Greater than death . . .
There is grief
Deeper than the sting of parting.

It is when Life
Is cold
Like a marble column by the sea,
And Love
Stands silent
As a sepulchre.

“THIS ONE HOUR”

I will forget Sorrow this one hour . . .
And watch the moon rise in a silvery
shower
Over the mountains. I will fare
Quietly forth on the tranquil evening air
Fragrant with laurel-scent
And pine.
Knowing God meant
That Beauty and Content
Should this one hour be mine!

AWE

THE Beauty of life
Awes me with its loveliness. . . .
Silver-sandalled dawn,
Rustling leaves in the wind,
Meadows radiant with flowers,
Terraced gardens and green boughs
Mirrored in dark pools.
Ivy on ruined towers,
Mountains crowned by cloud,
Moonlight on the sea
And waterfalls at twilight . . .

The beauty of life
Awes me with its loveliness . . .

PROCESSION

THE mystery which is sublime
In every little seed that springs!
The incommensurate wonder,—
The miracle of life issuing from the womb of
the earth
Resurgent, ever-renewing plenitude
Of perennial Spring; of flowers, of fruit, of
trees
That rise from a little seed.

Seeds, dry, colorless, shapeless, almost im-
perceptible,
Bearing within their infinitesimal hearts
Resplendent decorations for the earth;
Life miraculous, majestic, perpetual,
Uprising from tiny seedlings,—
Fragile little nuclei of Eternity . . .

Life, (the God-breath over all)
Marvellous handicraft of Invisible Forces,
Mystery converging, illimitable, unvanquish-
able . . .
Even so from the fusion of lover's em-
braces—
From the flame of human passion
Issues the endless procession
Of generations . . .

“BEAUTY LIKE DAWN SHED OVER ME”

THE mountain crest against the sky.
(O transient little atom I . . .)

The clouds majestic as they pass.
(And I am but the swaying grass.)

The wind in lofty music sings
(And I am but of earthly things . . .)

The giant trees aloft on high
Seem mingling with the misty sky—

The sun is like a golden frieze—
Thank God for Beauty such as these,

Beauty like dawn shed over me
Symbol of my immortality . . .

CONTRASTS

A CRIPPLE hobbling in the sunlight.
(Blooming alleys of roses.)

Two hooded nuns walking under an umbrella.
(Bees sipping honey from the cups of
flowers.)

Children romping in a daisy field.
(Long lines of black carriages following a
hearse to a cemetery.)

Lovers strolling hand in hand under the
trees.
(A victrola screeching from an open win-
dow.)

An old lady knitting on a veranda.
(A woman in childbirth in the room above.)

A beautiful girl riding in a crimson limou-
sine.
(A gaunt-faced doctor driving a wobbly
runabout.)

Flowered meadows spreading over the earth.
(And darkness waiting to consume the sun-
light.)

MUSIC

FRAGRANT green boughs
Murmuring on the June air
Under a rain-silvered sky.
There is no music sweeter
Than the rustle of trees in the wind . . .

Like cadences of clear water rippling,
The soft music of many leaves
Is the melody of a thousand lyres . . .
Rustle of boughs in the wind—
There is no harmony sweeter to me
Than fragrant green trees
Murmuring on the June air.

TWILIGHT

THE sombre beauty of twilight
Stirs me to strange musing . . .
The cool air stabbing my cheek,
And the west murky with clouds.
Darting silvery birds scurry through the
shadows
Where proud red poppies flaunt in stately
gardens.
Glimmer of snowy marble and terraced
niches,
Pathways sumptuous with rhododendron,
And white syringa, tremulous, swaying
In the voluptuous wind . . .
Iris, ghostly pale in the alleys,
And peonies, arrogant, crimson, sparkling.

The sombre beauty of twilight
Stirs me to strange musing . . .
The silence fills me with wonder,
The shadows straying like lover's caresses,
The wind stroking the flowers,
And night creeping with winding fingers,
Dewy and ebon, cinctured by stars . . .

The sombre beauty of twilight
Stirs me to strange musing . . .
Love! Death! Truth!
What are you?
This diaphanous mystery about me,
Passional twilight, silence, green splendor—
Is this not the breath Eternal,
Is this not the Ultimate answer—
Infinite Beauty
Flooding my finite soul . . .

CITY SKETCH

HURRYING masses of people,
Eager, weary-eyed, self-conscious,
Swarming the city streets,
Tawdry, absurd in fluttering fabric.
Girls, red-mouthed, angular,
Mincing in high-heeled slippers,
With hips uncorseted;
Men, gray-faced, gaunt-limbed, hulking,
Striding ungainly with hurried gait;
Children, pallid, nervous,
Swiftly passing on silent errands.
Anxious faces, and passionate faces,
Sinister faces, and lonely faces,
Smiling faces, and sad, piteous faces
Marked with the furrows of age.

Monstrous hot-house of humanity!
City, swarming with struggling people—
Millions,—oppressed, tired, seeking,
Toiling grimly for what invisible goal,
What dream of hidden desire?
Groping, yearning baffled multitudes
Missing the magic touch of Beauty—
Consummate Beauty aloof in the silence . . .

SLEEP

SLEEP!

Orchards of amethyst and perfumed
boughs,
Elysium of myrtle and jasmine,
Willows that sing at the borders of shining
lakes
Alabaster with lilies.
Skies of opal,
And floating on the air
Voices of many nightingales.

Divine Sleep!
Perfect beatitude,
Ravishing philtre,
What beautiful visions dwell in your midst,
Friend! Lover! Comforter!
You alone are faithful.

RAY

LET my life be a sparkling ray
Of cool water, toward the sky . . .
White, from a fountain's depths
And pure . . .

So that all who gaze upon it may say:
"Lo! her life mounts heavenward
Even as the wind."
For there is no Beauty
Like unto clear water
Against the sky. . . .

MAY NIGHT

NIGHT! cool, enveloping, delicious,
Perfumed, magical night of Spring—
Fold your arms about my lover and me
Till we hide in your sheltering darkness.

Night, radiant with many stars,
Sky, mother of pearl and azure,
Let your silence descend on my lover and me
That we may dwell in sylvan quiet.

Night, fragrant with new grass and lilac,
Pool of endless shadows,
Bathe with joy my lover and me
Till we sink in the wreathéd wavelets.

Night,—cool, enveloping, delicious,
O mother of Love, mistress of beauty,
Give of your darkness, wherein we would
perish
Drunken with dreams, my lover and me.

DUST AND SHADOW

DUST and shadow . . .
Life and Love and Laughter
And pale Death . . .

Dust that is golden . . .
Life and love like gleaming sunlight
And laughter rippling, rippling.

Shadow that is diaphanous,
Silver-woven, dancing shadow,
And Death that hovers always, waiting. . . .

QUERY

WHEN I see a cripple hobbling by me in
the sunlight
I wonder why God
Gave the gift of Life,
And Beauty,
When its companions are
Sorrow
And deformity.

CAPTIVE

I AM a captive . . .

Not a moment am I free of domination.
Each morn I awaken the thought of my servitude terrifies me.

Each evening the sun fades I am overwhelmed by my martyrdom.

Each hour I sleep I am pursued by the image of my tyranny.

Each bird song evokes a realization of my enslavement,

Each bud that withers on the bough,

Each leaf that flutters in the wind,

Each ray of dawn upon the sea

Reveals to me my imprisonment . . .

I am terrified by the shadow of my Guardian.

He stands hidden in every pathway

His lips sucking at my throat

The dark Master who never forsakes me—

The Grave . . .

AGE

ALONE in the pale glow of the coals,
The fire is dead.
Rain weeps at the window
And the ghosts of my vanished youth
Dance in the shadows . . .

Murmur of the sea on the distant shore.
The night is black.

All the beautiful moments of my life—
What meaning have they now?

Love that was mine,
Roses once blooming,
White hands I caressed,
Fair breasts of women,
Dreams and hopes that I cherished,
Joys that I clasped—
What meaning have they now?

Alone in the pale glow of the coals.
Alone in the immensity of age,
Alone in the vast solitude of Thought.
Nought but the presence of God envelops me
Tenderly like the caress of a beloved.
We are alone, we two, God and I . . .

MONA LISA

BEAUTIFUL Girl,
With large mild eyes
Full of wonder and dream.
Were you not made to be loved
In some dim woodland
Where there are no stars?
Your glance is like twilight
When the west is stained with silver . . .

Dream-haunted, magical Girl!
When you look at me
I see the gray dusk
Of Italian evenings,
For your face has all the beautiful sorrow
Of da Vinci's Mona Lisa . . .

I HAVE KNOWN ALL

I HAVE known all. . . .

Passion, pain, great shame and sorrow,
And joy to the uttermost.

Yet I am not appeased!

For I would know it all over again,

Fuller, keener, intenser than before—

The pain, the shame and the great sorrow,

Until there would be

No more knowing . . .

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAINS

I SHALL miss you, Friends,
Vast peace of the towering green,
Silent hosts of my dream,
For your great woodlands
Have shared the secrets of my heart.

I shall miss you, Friends,
For you have been faithful unto me
And through the long violet hours
We have kept vigil together.

I shall miss you, Friends—
No comrades will I have on the windy shore
Where the sea-mists fly.
And I shall pass lonely
Forever mourning your silent Beauty . . .

FUTURE

FUTURE, nebulous, unseen, alluring,
What tumultuous joy,
What unknown tears,
What gifts have you in store for me . . .

Future, shadowy, stupendous, impenetrable,
What tenderness have you to bestow upon
me,
What passionate pain,
What Beauty will you awaken upon my way?

Future, sovereign, omniscient —
Will you render me peace?
Or grant me sufficient years
To re-live all the beautiful moments of my
Youth.

HOPE

HOPE, an iris-flower
Risen in the dawn . . .
Wistful and fair
As a girl's face,
Shimmering alabaster
Amidst the green.
Inviolata and calm,
She sheds upon the world
A fairy radiance.

FEAR

FEAR—a hooded gnome—
Dark-browed and sinister
Stalks in the background of life,
Clutching at the throat of lovers,
Clouding the sunlight,
Shadowing the stars.
Mystical, demonic,
Slaying with poisoned breath
Man's dearest dreams . . .

OCTOBER

RAIN . . .

The soft voice of the rain
Sings of autumn and falling leaves
And the immortal beauty of death.

The sea is gray mist.

The sky is pale.

Withered boughs crackle in the wind
And birds fly in silence.

Rain . . .

But my heart re-enters its secret life,
Throwing wide again
The shining portals of Memory.

IMPRESSION

LIKE spears of flame
The poppies flare
Their scarlet heads to the sky,
Boldly, radiantly glowing,
Silken petals blowing in the wind
Splashes of bright blood
Against the yellow-green of the May
meadows.

The clustered hedge
A leafy wall encircling,
Spotted with snow-white blossoms
That crawl through green niches.

In a marble urn
Of amber water
A bird, with ruby bosom
Flutters and bathes,
Defiantly chirping.
A cool wind from the sea
Ripples softly the stately iris,
Quince buds and scarlet poppies.

Red, red, red,
Like blood is my garden,
Geranium, peony, poppy
Sweet william, salvia, gladiola,
Rose and hawthorn
Girdled with white iris,
Alabaster in the sunlight.

COMEDY

CONTRASTS of life—

I, sitting here on a bench under a green
tree

Writing verses in praise of Beauty—

And beside me

Two ragged men chewing tobacco

And plotting to overthrow

The Government.

TIME

TIME, fugitive, cruel—
Stay your flight in this impalpable instant!
Stay that I may drink deeply into my soul
The beauty of this hour!

The flash of a golden butterfly—
Falling water piercing shadow—
Sudden storm bursting white cloud—
Such is this moment.

Stay! Stay! O, Time in your flight,
Extinguish not the rapture
Of this sublime hour . . .

WINTER EVENING

DARKNESS.

Silence that weeps in my heart.
Ashes in the grate and the cry of a lonely
bird at the window.
Trees that shiver in the wind.

Darkness . . .
And Youth passing, passing—

To listen and hear no footstep. . . .

“I WILL TAKE THE LONE PATH”

I WILL take the lone path
That leads from the sea. . . .
The dark path on the hill
That winds eternally.

I will take the still way,
The quiet way and long,
Where there is neither laughter
Love or song. . . .

And though I take the dark lane
Within the cypress-gloom,
I know there waits me somewhere
April's scented bloom!

CITIES

MY heart dreams of cities—
Cities by the sea . . .
Athens with its cypress shade,
Spires in Italy.

Ravenna, wooded, stately,
Where the church-bells chime.
Venice, blue, bewitching
In the summertime.

Corfu, fairy island,
Orange-groves in flower.
Cairo's sapphire minarets
In the twilight hour.

Tunis' golden streetways—
Mosques against the skies,
Where Sahara's desert
Mirrors the moonrise.

Algiers' terraced gardens
Gleaming like the snow,
The Atlas mountains purple
In the sunset glow.

Gibraltar, gray and rockbound,
Where the gulls soar free.
Naples with its fiery crown,
Taormina's templed lea.

My heart dreams of cities—
Cities by the sea. . . .
In Tuscany and Provence,
In fabled Thessaly.

Cities, you have been my friends—
You call across the blue,
Can I hear your voices,
And not go to you? . . .

BLUE NIGHT

BLUE night falls
About me in a mute caress
Of loveliness.
And the wind calls
In sudden minstrelsy
From every tree.
I want no more than this—
The wind's kiss
And the nightfall over me.

When silence sends
Its gentle lore,
And youth is o'er,
I want no more
Than when life ends,
The stars should vigil keep
On my eternal sleep,
And there should be
The wind's kiss and the nightfall over me.

VOICES: VILLA PLINIANA

VOICES are crying in the street
And rainbow-sandalled day is passing
by. . . .

The clamor sinks into my heart,
And I fall thinking of another hour
When thunder-voices through the drooping
trees
Filled the pale violet afternoon
In Italy. . . .

Cypress-shadows trembled on the lake,
Green mountains arched into the sky,
And nightingales
Swept through the languid air,
And twilight tipped the butterflies with
flame.

And singing, singing through the palace
walls
A waterfall, like the great voice of God. . . .

* * * * *

We were together, you and I,
Beneath the fragrant trellised shade,
Watching the slow rain silvering the sky.
Your face was like a delicate white rose
Drooping against my cheek.

"For Life, for Death," you said.
And sweet the echo of your words
Was borne upon the wind
In Italy. . . .

Today I sit and think of you
Hearing again the waterfall
Singing, singing like the great voice of
God. . . .

“JOY HAS COME UNTO MY DOOR”

JOY has come unto my door
Tremulous and fair
With shining hair—
The old, old Joy is here once more,
Laughing and flame-arrayed—
And I am half afraid.

Joy has come unto my door
Again
After long pain,
The old, old Joy is here once more,
Whom I had mourned as dead,
And now she comes with sweet arms
spread.

Joy has come unto my door. . . .
I heard her call—
Her soft footfall
Is here once more—
And oh, her wondrous beauty made
My heart afraid. . . .

KINSHIP

L YING face downward in the sweet-scented
grass,

My eyes deep buried in the soothing ground,
My senses keen to every little sound,
Hearing the stately darkness rise and pass—

Light is obscured in the delicious dark,
My heartbeats stilled in silent reverence
And ecstasy is mine—the vivid sense
Of life, as in the song of some late lark,—

A kinship with the force of earth . . . the
thrill

That comes with Nature's sweetest inti-
macy—

Some premonition of Eternity—

Lying within the grasses lone and still. . . .

FROM THE WEEHAWKEN FERRY

O NIGHT, so still and calm and blue,
Why am I not a part of you?

O Dark, so deep and mild and fair
Enfold me in your ebon hair.

O Night, serene and still and blue
Your peace alone is pure and true,

Man is but frail, his joy unsure,
While your great beauty is secure,

Rest upon earth I cannot find
Tossed ever by the inconstant wind,

Nor is there shelter for my soul
That walks from misty shoal to shoal.

O Night, so still and calm and blue
I would I were a part of you!

SONG OF FREEDOM

I WILL go out and forget Love and be as a
bird in the sky,
Free with the soaring breezes and the clouds
that wander by ;
I will go out and forget Love and be as a bird
in the sky!

I will go out in the wide lands alone in end-
less space
Where the earth is ablaze with splendour,
and I kneel in the sun's embrace.
I will go out in the wide lands alone in endless
space!

I will go out and forget Love as the wild wind
in the sky,
And be as a bird without bourne or kin or
aught to hold me by—
I will go out and forget Love as the wild wind
in the sky!

PAN

OUT of my tears
Comes forth my song.
(Pan is blowing
Sweet and long.)

Out of my pain—
The lyric-start;
(Fruitful is
A broken heart!)

"I SHALL GROW OLD"

I SHALL grow old and all this summer
bloom

Will wither from me as an elm in Fall
That pales beneath inevitable doom—

The sorry end eventual.

And all life's singing flame will dwindle
cold—

I shall grow old!

I shall grow old; and all my heart's glad fire

Will ebb away as sun-tipped waves at sea.

O there will be an end of all desire

Of song and ecstasy—

My beauty but a bell no longer tolled,

I shall grow old.

O must it be—this sad embittering end,

This dimming of life's shining wonder-
light?

Or will Age come to me as gentle friend

To fold me in the night . . .

I wonder will the hours fall still and cold

When I am old . . .

SPRING FLOWERS

POPPY, mignonette and pea
You are beautiful to see.

Crimson, pink, and burnished hue
O but I am glad of you!

Yet my heart goes wondering
At the sadness of the Spring . . .

At the magic golden door
Which is closed forevermore.

For there is a step I wait
Which will come not, early, late—

And there is a voice once dear
Which I nevermore will hear.

And my heart goes wondering
At the sadness of the Spring . . .

MY GARDEN

MY garden is a fairy place
Waiting for his perfect face.
Every little nodding flower
Is expectant of the hour
When his feet shall pass this way
In the twilight of the day.

Every bud that softly sways
Gently to its neighbor says:
"He is coming very soon
With the golden crescent moon
We shall see his shadow fall"—
Beauty hovering over all!

Not a moment but the bliss
Of his coming quickened is;
Such a premonition of
Joy that seems shed from above,—
Melody that soon will sing,
Which my lover's voice will bring!

Eager for the happy hour
Is each sunny tinted flower,
For the birds, and buds that grow
And the fragrant winds that blow
Wait but for his perfect face
In this fairy resting-place!

SO QUIETLY LOVE CAME

SO quietly love came
I did not hear his name
Thro' the night.
Only silence fell
Like a starry spell
Of light.

There was no caroling
Of bird or trumpet-flare.
Only on the air
The sudden burst of Spring,
And in my heart a flame,—
(So quietly love came! . . .)

HANDS THAT I LOVED . . .

HANDS that I loved long years ago—

Dear hands . . .

Tender as winds that blow—

They call to me across the sands

Across the pale wild prairie lands,

For once they were my own

To clasp and fondle and entwine

With mine . . .

Pink-petalled finger tips!

Flowers to my lips—

Sweet violet veins that trace

And keep the pressure of a lost embrace.

They were such white hands

Pale as the new-fallen snow on winter lands—

Dear hands of my delight,

They summon me throughout the moonless
night—

Across the desolate prairie lands—

Dear hands . . .

“I SHALL NOT COUNT MY HOURS”

I SHALL not count my hours ill spent
If I but knew the years
Had brought me wonder in my heart
My toll of joy or tears.

If in some twilit hour the touch
Of Beauty had been mine,
As when a first star in the west
Begins to shine.

If in some moment memorable
Of song, or ecstasy,
I knew for once that Loveliness
Had dwelt with me!

JAPANESE GIRL

HER eyes a cool
Mountain pool
Shaded by ivied walls
When twilight falls . . .

Her gaze—
Wistful as Autumn days
When leaves fly
Golden into the sky.

Her words—
Soft-toned as the birds
Nesting there
In the evening air.

Her heart that glows
Like the petals of a rose
Pierced by a butterfly wing
In Spring.

THE DAYS GONE BY
(RONDEAU)

THE days gone by . . . they were so very
sweet
I wonder if my spirit-self will meet
Them resurrected in the world to be,
That vast, beneficent Eternity
Where all things lovely pass to when they
die—
Dear days gone by . . .

Tears never touched their loveliness,—they
were
Like fragrant flowers the cruel winds could
not stir
Nor can time dim their fairness for they
seem
Still golden to me in my memory-dream.
O petalled hours your beauty cannot die—
Dear days gone by . . .

They were so perfect that God deemed it wise
To take them from me. But their ghosts
arise
And moan like plaintive children for caress.
So lulled into a phantom happiness
I fold them to me when I hear their cry—
Dear days gone by . . .

A DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER

MANY have loved me; but none, dear, as
you.

Youth brought me beauty and happiness, too,
Moments of splendour and skies that were
blue,

But never a love half so tender and true—

Many have loved me but none, dear, as you!

Many I loved with the years, Mother Mine,
O I have tasted of earth's richest wine,
I have plucked pleasure like fruit from the
vine

But only the joy that you brought was
divine—

Many I loved with the years, Mother Mine!

Many have loved me but none have as you,
None who could comfort and cheer me anew,
None who forgave me and wept for me too,
None who my heart's secret sufferings
knew—

Many have loved me, but none have as
you . . .

O Mother my Mother, when you are no more
To whom shall I go with my tears running
o'er,

Whose voice will give courage, whose aid I
implore,

Whose breast will have shelter, whose love
will restore—

O Mother my Mother, when you are no
more . . .

O TEMPO . . .

WHEN Love first came
 She was tenderness and light.
But now she is a cruel flame
 That burns in the night . . .

When Love first came
 She was glad April air
But now she is a cruel flame
 That follows everywhere.

REFUGE

I CAME from the City
My heart was filled with pain.
I walked in the meadow
And heard the wind again.

I saw the moon rise
Golden, through the trees,
And I said, "Thank God
For all of these."

I watched the stars shine
And night tremulous start.
Then a great peace came
And I knew that Grief had left my heart.

SONG OF THE WEARY TRAVELER

I AM weary. I would rest
On the wide earth's loving breast
Nurtured by the gentle sun
Where the little streamlets run,
Soothed by all the winds that pass,
Hearing voices in the grass
Of the little insect things
Happier than the mightiest kings.

I am weary. I would sleep
In some quiet perfumed deep,
Where no human touch could bring
Tears to me or anything.
There I would forget to weep
And my silent cloister keep;
There I would the earth embrace
Meeting Beauty face to face . . .

I am weary. I would go
Where the fields are all aglow,
Where the violets scent the air,
Far from man and his despair,
Far from longing and delight
Through the endless starry night;
There I would forget to weep
And my silent cloister keep . . .

STORM

COOL and fresh the rain falls
 On the parchéd air;
Far in the west
 The sky breaks fair.

Like a giant gun's roar
 Is the thunder's boom;
Lightning traces jagged ghosts
 Through the gloom.

Frightened, all the flowers
 Hide their heads away.
And I think of one who died
 A year ago today. . . .

JOYCE KILMER

FALLEN IN ACTION, AUG. 2, 1919

HE walked in beauty through the crowded
throng,

A minstrel, singing in his youthful hours,
His vision full of sunshine and of flowers,
His melody that filled the earth with song.

Beloved of all mankind, father and friend
He went the way of those amongst the brave
Fearless, undaunted to the last . . . his
grave

Pure spirit proud to meet its honored end!

Extol his valour, Earth! Let all revere
The memory of his song and lofty ways;
So men may grow in wisdom through his
praise

And life be sweeter since we knew him here.

He walked in beauty through the passing
years,

And now is fallen where the mighty lie.
We will not weep for him, for those who die
In battle are too noble for our tears!

FLOWER SHOW

AN arc of flowers limned against the
sky . . .

Lavender, pink and blue,
Crimson, amber hue,
As some bright rainbow shimmering on
high . . .

The perfume of a thousand blossoms rare,
Heliotrope and rose,
Mignonette, golden-glows,
Drenching with beauty all the summer air!

Children's faces smiling with delight . . .
And colored ribbons fluttering.
Asters and hollyhocks that bring
Vistas of moonlit gardens in the night. . . .

Color and perfume—glint of swaying
flower . . .
On marble pillars twined
Alyssium, crimson vined
Rapture of roses,—this is Beauty's hour!

LET SPRING RECALL

IT seems that he must come to me again
When tulips raise their heads and when
the rain
Is sweet with lilac-scent. How could I bear
To seek and find his face not anywhere
Amid the fragrance of the April air?

It seems that I must find him in the green,
Hid in some sparkling spot, waiting unseen,
His dear eyes smiling,—startled with de-
light,
His beauty like a moon-star in the night.

It seems that he must once again return . . .
Just once since all the flowering meadows
burn
With sudden sun,—now when the linnets
sing
Their fairy love-notes, harbinger of Spring,
And when God's touch illumines everything!

It seems that he must come . . . or he must
hear
In Flanders' fields, the voice of Spring draw
near. . . .

THE TRANSPORT SAILS

HOW quiet is the house
 Since he is gone . . .
How still the twilight falls,
 How pale the dawn.

Each leaf that stirs
 At my window-pane
I start up and say:
 “He is come again!”

But the silent hours
 One by one pass by;
And he does not hear
 My lonely cry . . .

Through the long nights
 I watch and pray . . .
God, will you bring him back
 To me some day?

I DID NOT WEEP

DEAR, when you died,
And like one in a dream
I stood beside
The quiet wonder of your tomb,
And saw your eyes
Closed like young violets in sleep—
I did not weep . . .
But said: "How sweet she lies,
Her body beautiful with bloom,
Her lips still keep
The kisses that I gave her when she died."

“ONLY IN THE SONGS I SING”

ONLY in the songs I sing
Beauty captive is.
My heart's a bird on broken wing
Barren but of this:

Song—the breathless ecstasy,
Song, the perfect lyre,
Song, which has revealed to me
Beauty's singing fire . . .

Life is sun and shadow,
Joy an endless quest,
Only in the songs I sing
Is my heart at rest!

“EARTH TREMBLES WAITING”

I WAIT for his footfall,
Eager, afraid,
Each evening hour
When the lights fade. . . .

I wait for his voice
To speak low to me—
As a mariner lost
Dreams of harbor, at sea. . . .

I wait for his lips
When the dusk falls.
Life holds my longing
Behind dark walls.

I wait for his face—
As after rain
Earth trembles waiting
For the sun again. . . .

“MY LOVE IS COMING BACK TODAY”

MY Love is coming back today
 To light my heart anew,
And laurel on the mountain blooms
 And oh, the sky is blue,—

The hills are garlanded in green
 The larks are singing clear
Such rapture that I know, I know
 My Love is drawing near!

The birch trees bend in homage,
 The iris' breathless glows,
O tremulous the moments
 My heart rejoicing, knows.

My Love is coming back today
 And oh, the earth is fair—
New Beauty is on field and hill
 New wonder on the air!

“ALL PATHS LEAD TO YOU”

ALL paths lead to you
Where e'er I stray,
You are the evening star
At the end of day.

All paths lead to you
Hill-top or low,
You are the white birch
In the sun's glow.

All paths lead to you
Where e'er I roam.
You are the lark-song
Calling me home!

MARRIAGE

YOUR heart and my heart, ever one, as
trees
Intertwined in April in the scented breeze,
Root and bough united in a sacred pact,
O what joy and wonder in this golden fact!

Your life and my life . . . flowing as a
stream
Storm cannot turn it, in its gliding dream,
Shoals cannot daunt it or darkness apall
Deep is the tidal flood sweeping over all!

Your love and my love . . . like a meteor's
flight—
Wonderful the glory through the summer
night,
Peace in the splendour, beauty in the flower
Body and spirit—one this hour . . .

July 30, 1921.

BUTTERFLIES

THE calm sorrow of your face
Summons me,
And my heart waits tremulous
As the wings
Of a swallow . . .

Diaphanous, roseate,
Floating before us
Butterflies . . . butterflies—
Vibrations of the great Unknown.

ARES LUDOVISI

IN a field of summer wheat,
Golden as the sheaves—
I saw him standing under the sky . . .

The birds ceased singing,
And the wind paused
Breathless with beauty.

The sun paled in the heavens,
And day trembled
At so much loveliness.

Like a Delphic marble
He stood, spirit of immortal beauty,
Naked amid the wheat sheaves . . .

MAGICO . . .

*“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Tho’ still she bend him, she obeys him.
Tho’ still she draws him, still she follows—
Useless each without the other.”*

—Longfellow.

*“Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou
lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my
people, and thy God my God: where thou diest,
will I die . . .”*

—Book of Ruth.

MAGICO . . .

What is this strangeness within me . . .
This miracle which has befallen me,
This divine urge of my being toward you,
This succulent sweet painful brooding something

Which draws me ever unto you?
Like the tide of a powerful current
It holds, compels, hastens me to you
No matter where I am nor what I am doing,
No matter where you are nor what space is
between us
Always I must follow you, follow you, follow
you
Like a hound on a leash, driven, hunted and
smarting
Into your presence . . .

There is no other way . . .
I have tried everything,—
And it has availed me naught,
For I must follow you wherever you are,
Though you are not stronger, nor wiser than
other men.
It is like pursuing myself when I go after
you,
For when I am away from you—
It is as if I had been severed from part of
myself!

Is it true then, perhaps you are myself,
My only real self I reclaim when loving you.
When you soothe this ache of your absence
By your mouth on my mouth and your breast
on my breast.

It is more than love, this strangeness I feel
for you,
And it will die only when I die,—not before;
For it is not of the body nor only of the
brain, but both intermixed and en-
mingled—
A cloud of flame that envelops me
When I am apart from you, and cannot touch
you!

So always I must follow you. . . .
Spirit! Flesh! Child! Sister! Lover, whatever
you are to me,
All things in one, yet Master and Comforter,
Beautiful body I love—
Divine maybe you are, or only the image of
my own soul,
Blown to me out of the dust of Eternity . . .

CHOICE

GLAD gifts life brought me—
Bright things and fair,
Yet not for these
Did my heart care . . .

But for you, my beloved,
(O heart's rich gain!)
Sweet were the tears I shed
Dear was the pain!

PYRE

I BRING you the burden of my longing.
I am a wanderer without drink
And you are the pool of water
In the desert of my desire.

I bring you the burden of my love . . .
It has waited long—
(And there is no crucifixion like waiting)
It shall cover you—
It shall be the girdle of flame about you,
It shall be the pyre
Whereon we shall perish!

FIRELIGHT

IN the firelight
Your face was as beautiful
As a Greek cameo
Carved chrysophrase and amber,
Jade and amethyst
Like the colors of a bird's wing
In flight . . .

In the firelight
You were as beautiful
As a Tanagra figure
In the fields of Hellas—
Ruddy golden-brown
And shaded vermilion
Melting into rose.

In the firelight
With the elm boughs glistening
At the window,
And the thrushes
Whistling in the branches—
You were beautiful
As some fabled god of Attica,
Poised for conquest
On a shimmering isle
Where the waves of Salamis
Sing in splendour . . .

DORIC

I GAZE upon you
White as a pillar of ivory,
Your limbs supple and firm
Your arms rounded and soft,
Your feet fragrant and cool
Like curved shells.
Your lips like ripe fruit,
Your laughter like the warbling of birds,
Your hair like tawny meadow grass,
Your youth glorious and golden
As a Doric column by the sea . . .

GOBLET

IT is night and I am alone . . .
The wind moans in the lattice.

When will be poured for me
The living goblet of your mouth
Sweeter to me
Than the waters of a mountain pool?

BIRDS

YOU are
As a million birds
That sing unto my heart, Beloved.

I am enveloped in harmony celestial.
No sea-melody
Has the music of my being.

You are
As a million birds
That sing unto my heart, Beloved . . .

TEMPEST

I SHALL be the midnight storm
Sweeping like tempest . . .
Your mouth
A scarlet poppy
Sucked in the wind . . .

FRAGRANCE

WHEN the young moon hangs like a golden
feather in the sky
The night is ours.
We shall go to the forest
And wander in the shadow of the pines.
I shall cover you with leaves
And the fragrance of you
Will be sweeter to me
Than the perfume of a thousand roses . . .

WHITE BIRCH

COME with me, Beloved.

We shall go to the meadows
And lie beneath the willow trees
And I will make for you a crown of daisies
Strewing at your feet asphodel and roses.

Come with me, Beloved.

We will walk beside amber streams
And I will take you deep in the eddies of a
pool
And your thighs
Will be a white birch
Rising out of the water . . .

BECAUSE OF YOU

BECAUSE of you I am glad of the day
Like a bird on lifted wing;
Because of you my heart holds May
And the hue of a new-born spring .

Because of you the sky takes light,
And earth has the face of a flower;
Because of you the ebon night
Is starred with rainbow-shower.

Because of you the fragrant sod
Glow with a beauty divine,
Because of you I have looked on God,—
He spoke since you were mine. . . .

MOONSTONE

I HOLD your face between my hands
Shimmering like a moonstone.
Through my fingers
Filters the pure gold of your hair.
Your eyes are languid
Like a bird's after long flight,
And your throat is as fragrant as a white
rose.

LILIES

YOUR arms are white lilies
Encircling me.
There is the sound
Of singing waters
And the flash
Of dazzling lightning.

O miracle of Love—
My divinity and my crucifixion.

NENUPHAR

YOU are a white nenuphar
Lifting its snowy bosom amid stream.
In you are the treasures of Elysium
The scent of your skin is like jasmine and
honeysuckle.

Why is such loveliness not mine, Beloved?
When may I look upon you and say:
“Behold! all this beauty is mine forever!”

RAIN

IT rains.

The dripping of the rain is like the cool
kisses of your mouth.

Cover me with kisses
Even as I would be immersed
In the coursing torrents
Of the rain . . .

SKEIN

LET me enfold you in my hair.
Let me wind you in a golden skein
Shimmering . . .

Give me your curvéd throat,
(White like the calyx of a moon-flower)
That I may twine about you
The glossy filets of my hair.
Let it shower about you,
Rippling over you
Like teasing wind . . .

Then give me your lips—
That we may stand united
As two trees with but one single root . . .

MIRROR

WE were walking by a swift river.
The boughs of the willows were golden
above us,
And the new green of the meadows,
Was not greener than your strange eyes
Full of flight
As a bird's spread wings over sunny pastures.

"Beloved," you said,
As we watched the sunset lights on the river,
"We are like two beings
Born of one womb."

(In your eyes I saw my image
Mirrored like sudden fire . . .)

AMOR SILENTIUM

LOVE me, O Beloved, not with laughter,
 song or flowers
But with your silence and your tears. . . .

Lie in my arms as a child in the arms of a
 mother
So my tenderness shall penetrate you . . .

Love me, O Beloved, not with laughter, song
 of flowers
But with your silence and your tears.

EXALTATION

“L’amour est l’élan vers l’inconnue étendue à
la folie.” —Pascal.,

I SING with the wind,
I laugh with the sun,
I am the first star
When day is done.

I soar with the bird,
I pulse with the tree,
My soul is the cloud—
I love . . . I am free!

ENIGMA

I LIE in your arms . . .
The night is cool,
And under the stars
Your face is calm
Yet why do you seem
Stranger to me than any stranger . . .

Is it to you that I have given
Myself utterly . . .
Is it upon this white breast
That I have lain moaning with love
Through the long numberless nights
Of my youth . . .

I lie in your arms . . .
And under the stars
Your face is calm.
Even so
Shall it always be—
For we shall always be strangers to each
other.

YOU WHOM I LOVE TODAY . . .

I KNOW that you whom I love today
Will sometime pass out of my life,
And all this joy and laughter—
This love that lights my heart
Will be no more.
And I shall be left lonely
As all women . . .

I know that the glory of this dream
Which came like the breath of dawn—
All this bloom and beauty
As of a thousand springs,
This gladness of meeting lips
And this great calm of the spirit
Cannot last forever . . .

I know that some day I shall walk alone
Looking with eyes that cannot weep
Upon the future desolate . . .

HERMES

WHEN I left you—

And April sprang in the meadows
Misty and golden,
Your face that leaned to mine
Awaiting my kisses
With anguish piteous, pallid,
Looked like the white browed Hermes
Compassionate, wondering, tearless . . .

SURFEIT

I AM weary of your love
As one wearies of too bright sunlight.
And I dream of quiet spaces
Where only shadows are.

I am weary of your love
As one wearies of summer gardens
Burning in splendour
By the sea . . .

I am weary of your love
As one wearies of cloying sweets
In honeytime.
(And I dream of some cold desert of the
moon.)

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think on you. For you are gone
Into the unfeatured past as any bird
That southward soars when autumn frosts
are stirred.

But when the spent dark nestles in the dawn
And I lie sleepless with my curtains wide,

Then comes your loveliness in phantom
guise

With hands outstretched and lonely seek-
ing eyes

Proffering the beauty that our lives
denied . . .

Can I forget you in Eternity?

For everywhere within this world of pain

Does your sweet image come to me again

Like a sudden moon upon a cloud-gray sea . . .

And when I cry, "Go from me," your dear
face

Bends to me and you fold me in embrace.

REVELATION

YOU opened wide the portals of my soul
And Beauty entered like a stately
guest

Clad in ethereal splendour, with her breast
Bathed in transcendent flame from some far
goal.

Before me vistas of fair climes unroll,
Glory unknown and calm, inviolate,
Pure wingéd joy, too sweet to contemplate,
And loveliness breathed from an azure shoal.

Freed of all mortal pain I pass alone
Like some pale dawn-star in the embered
west,

By all the winds of heavenly harmony blown.
For in that hour above all others blest
You brought me, as the voice of God that
nears,

The commiserating ecstasy of tears . . .

SONNETS

PEACE SPREAD YOUR WINGS

PEACE spread your wings about my rest-
less heart

And prove me you are not a misty sprite—
A vision of loveliness that flies by night
And dwells forever from my life apart!
Nay, take me—fold me in your soft embrace
And calm me with your overflowing sweet
So I may nevermore Vexation meet
And sheltered lie beneath your holy face . . .

O I would be your nursling evermore,
Hiding within your bosom of content
Forever from the world in banishment,
With Care and Sorrow but a sealéd door,
Descend O Peace, envelope me in ease,
As starlight rests on quiet summer seas . . .

THE MIRACLE

LET me be thankful for the flaming day
The noon that burns to splendour
when I hear

The feet of Beauty passing on her way,
The voice of Beauty as she trembles near—
Sweet silvery wraith, my hope and my despair!

Man's path is but a pilgrimage of need
Seeking the ultimate star, the hidden lair;
And when he falters let him deeply heed—
Let him remember Life, the miracle . . .

The rose of evening faint against the sky,
The slow moon's glory risen in the dell,
First love, or children's laughter floating
by,

The sweep of sudden wind amongst the trees.
Let me be thankful, Lord, for all of these!

MY LITTLE SELF

MY little self that struggles through
earth's space

Passing from light to dark, from mist to
clear,

Conscious of need, and yearning for God's
grace,

Possessed of titan hope and puny fear,
So arrogant with pride, so weak in pain,

A prey to sudden tears and strange delight
Pursuing phantom loveliness in vain—

What am I? . . . Only a starfall thro' the
night,

The passage of a gleaming stellar flame

That soars its little hour and then expires
Drowned by eternal dark from which it
came—

Sunk in a sea of its own frail desires,
Knowing not why it came nor whither gone—

A shuddering ray against the pallid dawn.

MOURN NOT FOR ME

“Mors janua vitae.”—Horace

MOURN not for me when I am gone away,
Nor shed sad tears that I should be
alone

Beneath the meadows where the flowers
are grown,

Where all is silence and there is no day.

Do not lament me, nor with sorrow say:

“Now she is gone, oh, greatly must we
weep.”

For wrapped in my interminable sleep
There will be no sharp, quivering breeze of
May

Nor blossom-stir, nor sight of things too
fair—

(A twilit pluméd red-bird on the wing)

To trouble my long tranquil slumbering . . .

Yea, I shall be at rest who had to bear

Beauty too keen and pain that had no
end . . .

Earth will have taken me again to
friend . . .

I HAVE LOVED QUIET

I HAVE loved quiet in a leafy glade
Where boughs embrace above a flowering way,
Deep amber pools at sunset where the
stray
Soft twilight colors stain the willow shade,
And woodlands where sweet silence dwells.
O vain
Is all the clamor of the human throng,
For beauty visits in the halcyon long
Still voiceless hours, which soothe a spirit's
pain.
O I have ever loved the silent space
On mountain-top where man has never
trod—
The lofty summits green and near to God
Where mighty pines their giant shadows
trace.
Yea, I have found in silence sanctuary
As running rivers mingle with the sea!

SERENE

O LET me meet my days with quiet grace
Unshrinking in the battle as a youth
Who bears within his heart a torch of
truth

And fearless goes to meet death face to
face . . .

So would I, in the long and still embrace
Of Time, go onward with a heart serene
Mindful of beauty and the High Unseen,
Watchful of love and kindness and my place
Here in this world,—a little shining space
Betwixt two isles, earth and eternity
Wherein at last all things are known to
me . . .

O let me meet my days with quiet grace
So all who gaze on me may truly say:
“Lo, there is one who walked in Beauty’s
way!”

FRANCE REARISEN

“Andre Tardieu has given us a picture of inexhaustible France.”—Daily News Item.

FRANCE rearisen! Hail to a martyred
land,

Once ravaged by the German cannon flame,
When but a year ago the gray hordes came
Sweeping in millions like a demon band
Across the flowering fields, till God's own
hand

Quelled their immense and ominous advance!

O pillaged homes! O ruined towns of
France,

O fallen shrines! O devastated strand
The barbarous multitudes so cruelly
planned—

You are unchanged! your splendour has
not died—

The spirit's luminance no power can hide,
Beauty unconquerable, thro' ages spanned
Whose noble strength we hail, O glorious
land—

France rearisen in her august pride!

I HAVE LOVED BEAUTY

I HAVE loved beauty ; as a deer at bay
Exults in freedom, in the white birch-
shade,
Darting before the sunset-spears, afraid
Lest mighty huntsmen make his breast their
prey.
Yea, I have gone the far untrodden way,
Seeking forever loveliness as mine
Amid the music of the mountain pine,
Amid the paths of sumach where the stray
Wild woodlands held the fragrance of the
sod
And silence was a benediction sweet.
O I have followed the wind's flying feet
Unto the throne of beauty which was God
Finding in some still starry hour apart
The voice of wonder singing in my heart!

GIFTS

FOR these I shall be thankful on this day:
Warm spreading sun and flowers that
 brightly bloom,
The breath of scented Springtime in my
 room,
The radiant sky of blue above my way,
Swift winds that sweep the clouds across the
 bay
And sounds that pulse the earth with sud-
 den song—
Peepers and whipoorwills, and birds, whose
 long
Sweet notes spill golden harmonies of May!
These but the symbol of a greater thing—
The warm blood in my veins, the eager
 heart
Which at each touch of loveliness feels
 start
A quickened rapture singing with the Spring.
Oh, above all intensely shall I prize
The Gift of Life, supreme, through
 Beauty's eyes!

CLEMENCEAU'S HOME—STAMFORD

O NOBLE son of France, upon this soil
Your footsteps trod in true humility;
Your voice once echoed down this flowery
lea
Memorial of the hands of Pilgrim toil.
Yea, on this spot where June her beauty
yields
The richness of your spirit came to birth,
Before War's hoary monster shook the earth,
Before the blood of millions stained the fields.
Oh, honored we, who knew your storied mind
And touched its treasures, e'er that hour
should be
When, master of the whole world's destiny,
Your clarion tones a righteous Peace defined
That centuries might Justice know, and
praise
A deathless wisdom imaged in God's ways!

EDWIN MARKHAM

DEEP-BROWED and resolute, he stands
apart

Like some great monarch mountain in the
snow

One with the mystery of the winds that
blow,

His soul alit with wonder, and his heart
Rich with deep human love—the counterpart
Of all earth's grandeur, kindred of the sun
When light mounts heavenward as day is
done.

Resplendent spirit, whose mighty voice did
start

Throbbing throughout the world an Attic
spring—

Not Pan with a reed, but Triton with his
horn

Tiptoe upon the rosy sands of morn,
Shattering the air with glorious trumpeting!
So does he stand majestic and apart
With Beauty singing ever in his heart.

A MOTHER TO HER SON

YOU are the star that guides me in the
night

When Winter chills my heart and when the
Spring

Is vanished, and the robins no more
sing . . .

Oh, then in silence do I seek the light
Your presence sheds, and walk within the
white

Sweet alleys of your smile. O son of mine
You are the little moment of divine
That God has given me for my delight.

Deep is the comfort of your tiny hand
When soft it lies upon my weary heart,
When soft your kisses fall upon the smart
Where pain has been. Your love is fairyland
Wherein I dwell serene and glad to be
The idol of your boyhood's constancy!

FINIS

THERE is so much sorrow,
And I am tired
Of everything
That I desired . . .

I would like a little niche
In a green, green wall,
And sleep would be
The end of all. . . .

DEDICATION

(for Donald)

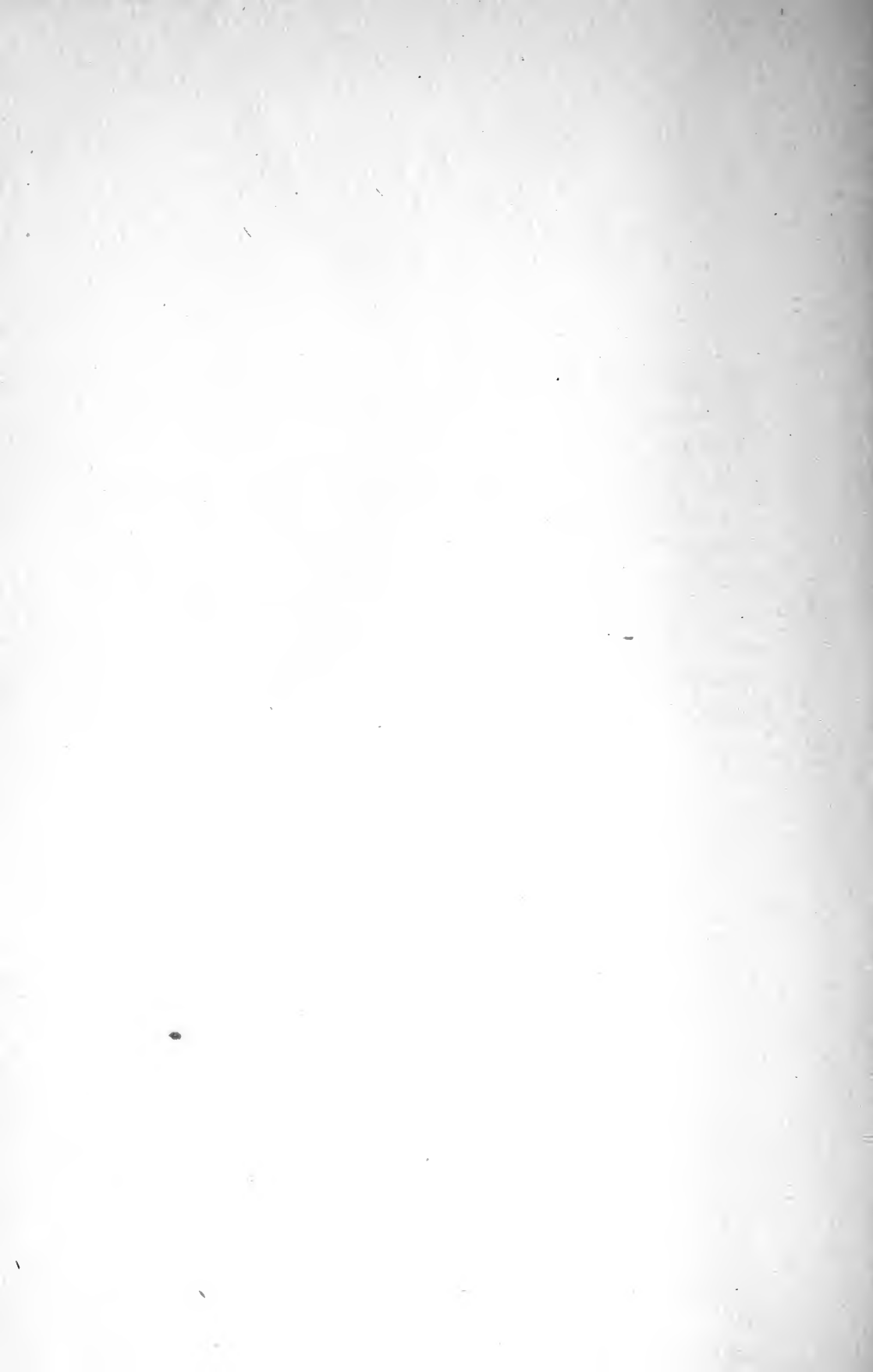
YOU speak contentment to my weary heart
Like stars at twilight when the flaming day

Far in the west is paling into gray,
And when the homing birds in silence dart
Into the sheltering woods as chill winds start.

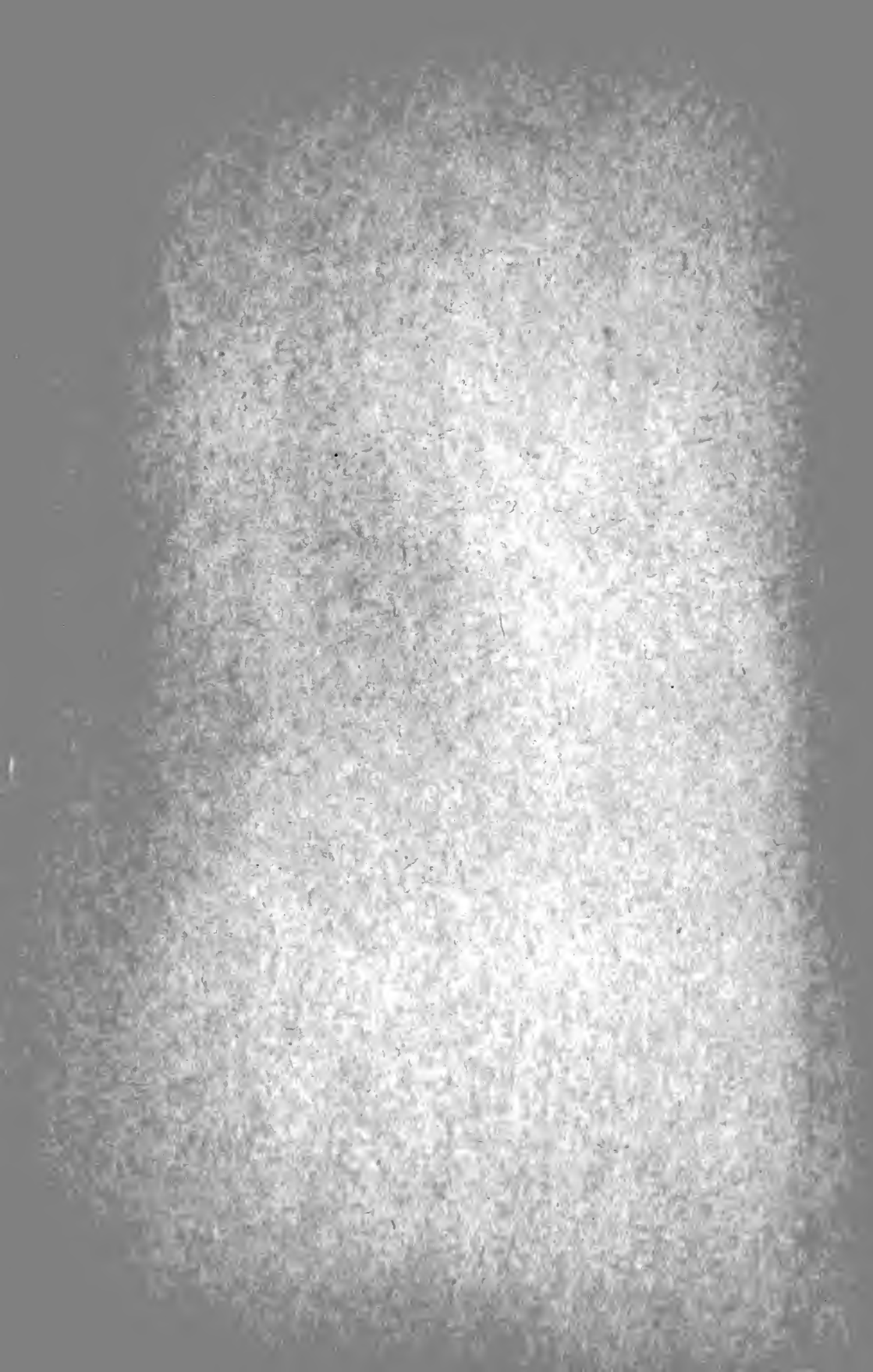
Yea, when I look upon your beauty near
I am serene and comforted of fear
For sorrow leaves me with its aching smart,
And earth with music fills, and gentle peace
Enfolds me like a vision of divine,
And loveliness becomes forever mine
In these calm hours of consummate release.

No more shall I in lonely seeking roam
But find in you my spirit's tranquil home!





***T**HANKS are due the following firms for the reprinting of poems already in their use: Schirmer & Sons; Geo. H. Doran Co.; Jas. T. White & Co.; "Hearsts" Magazine; John Lane Co.; Mitchell Kennerley; "Ainslee's" Magazine; "Harper's" Magazine; Smart Set Co.; Rand McNally Co.; Macmillan Co.; "New York Herald"; "New York Sun"; Huntziger & Dilworth; "Munsey's" Magazine; "Holland's" Magazine; "The Manchester Journal"; "Town and Country"; Houghton Mifflin Co.*



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